

## **Brush Strokes** by **obeydontstray**

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**Summary:** Nancy volunteers to help Jonathan with his artistic pursuits.

## Brush Strokes

Nancy flipped through the pages of Jonathan's sketchbook, pausing at a pencil and watercolor drawing of a rose. "You're so talented."

He glanced awkwardly at her, uncomfortable with the compliment. "My teacher said it would help with the composition in my photographs."

She reached for the small pile on his dresser, flipping through his newest photographs. "It shows." She complimented, making him blush. "I wish I had a talent."

"You'll find something." He volunteered as he dipped the paintbrush into water and then the paint, painting a small spiral on the back of his hand.

"I never stick with anything long enough," she confessed "two years of gymnastics. Three of ballet. A month of piano. Just never felt the drive for any of it. Barbara always said I should model."

He gave her a half smile. "Yeah, you'd be good at that." She watched him draw on his hand, mesmerized.

"You should do that to me."

"Do what?"

"Paint me. You know. Like they do in magazines."

"Okay-"

"Turn around for a second."

When he did she pulled her sweater over her head and lay it on the dresser beside her, taking her bra off too. She stretched out across his bed on her belly, crossing her arms under her head. "Alright, come paint me something pretty."

Jonathan's lip pressed into a thin line as he looked at her naked back, at the sight of her slender figure and pale skin. "What do you want

me to paint?"

"Surprise me."

He opened his sketchbook and lay it on the bed, laying his palette on an empty spread of pages.

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She sighed a little when the wet brush touched her skin, giving her goosebumps. He spread several wet spots of pink up her narrow spine and across the curves of her shoulders.

His tongue peeked between his lips as he concentrated, washing his brush in the cup on his dresser before switching to green and taking his time drawing the delicate lines connecting the splotches.

The Cure's 'Charlotte Sometimes' played on the stereo as he leaned over her bare back, brushing delicate lines. He watched her eyelids flutter close as he washed his brush again, switching to black.

"Um...is it okay if I move over you? Just so I can get a little closer."

"Whatever you need to do." She said softly.

He shuffled slightly on the bed, raising up and straddling her bottom, careful not to put any of his weight on her. Careful to remain a gentleman with so little space between them.

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After about half an hour later Jonathan felt satisfied with his work and left his paintbrush in his paint cup, reaching instead for his camera. From where he crouched over her he readied his camera and snapped a few photos.

At the clicks she turned her face to the side and he took another photo, capturing her shy smile. "I wanna see it!" She chided and he turned around again, letting her stand and use his comforter to protect her modesty. He watched as she turned her exposed back to his mirror, looking over her shoulder at the vines of soft pink roses he had painted across her shoulders and down her spine.

"It's beautiful, Jonathan."

She blushed but continued staring over her shoulder at the roses. "I wish I didn't have to wash them off. When you develop those pictures, I want one."

"Can do." He replied, turning around again to let her pull on her clothing.

"They're beautiful, Jonathan. I hate to have to cover them up."

"Not as beautiful as you." She tugged at the hem of her sweater before looking up at him through her lashes. She stepped closer, sliding her arms around his waist. "Thank you, Jon."

"Anytime."

She looked up at him through her lashes and instinctively he leaned down towards her face. With their lips inches apart, she stepped away. "I guess I should head home. It's getting late." She whispered.

"Yeah, it is."

"Thank you. For the roses."

"Thank you for being my canvas." He kicked himself inwardly, thinking how objectifying that sounded once he said it out loud. "I mean-"

"I know what you mean." She chuckled lightly. "Goodnight, Jonathan."

"Goodnight." She whispered before she made her way to his window and slipped out of it just as easily as she had slipped in.